

The Tragical History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus.

Written by Ch. Marklin.



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THE TRAGEDIE OF Doctor Faustus.

Enter Chorus.

Not marching in the fields of Thrasimen,
Where Mars did mate the warlike Carthagens,
Nor sporting in the dalliance of loue
In Courts of Kings, where state is ouer-turn'd
Nor in the pompe of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt his heauenly verse
Only this, Gentles: we must now performe
The forme of Faustus fortunes, good & bad,
And now to patient iudgements we appeals,
And speake soz Faustus in his infancie.
Now is he boorne, of parents base of stockes,
In Germany, within a Towne cal'd Rhodes:
At riper yeares to Wittenberg he went,
Wheras his kinsmen chieflie brought hym vp;
So much he profites in Diuinitie,
That shortly he was grac'd with Doctors name,
Excelling all, and swarthy can dispute
In th' heauenly matters of Theologie,
Will stowne with curning, of a selfe conceit,
His waren wings did mount aboue his reach,
And melting, heauens conspir'd his ouer-throwo:
For falling to a diuellishet ecclise,
And gladded now with learnings golden gifts,
He settes vpon cursed Necromancie:

Nothing so sweete as Magicke is to him ;
which he preferres before his chiefe blisse,
And this the man that in his study sits.

Faustus in his study.

Faust. Settle thy studies Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt professse,
Having commenc'd, be a Divine in shew,
Yet leuell at the end of every Art,
And live and die in Aristotes workes.
Sweete Analitikes, this thou hast rauisht me,
Bene differere est finis Logicis.
Is to dispute well Logickes chiefe end?
Affordes this Art no greater miracle?
Then read no more, thou hast attain'd that end;
A greater subject fitteth Faustus wit:
Bid Or. Economy farewell; and Galen come:
Weare I. Titian Faustus, heape vp gold,
And be enrich'd for some wondrous cure:
Summum bonum, medicinæ sanitas,
The end of Physicke is our bodies health:
Why Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
Are not thy bils hung vp as monuments,
Wherby whole Cities haue escap't the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies beene cut'd?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Couldest thou make men to live eternally,
Or being dead, raise them to life againe,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physicks farewell: where is Iustinian?
Si una eademque res legatus duobus,
Alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.
A petty case of paltry Legacies,
Exhereditari filium non potest pater, nisi —
Such is the subject of the institute,
And uniuscuiuslibet body of the law.
This study fits a Mercenarie drudge,
Who aims at nothing but eternall trash,
A cruelle and illiberall foxe mice.

When all is done, Divinitie is best :

Jeromes Bible Faustus, view it well:

Stipendum peccati, mors est : ha, stipendum, &c.

The reward of sin is death: that's hard:

Si peccasse, negamus, fallimur, & nulla est in nobis veritas:

If we say that we haue no sinne.

We deceiue our selues, and there is no truth in vs.

Why then belike we must sinne,

And so consequently die,

I, we must die, an everlasting death.

What doctrine call you this? Che sera, sera:

What will be, shall be; Divinitie adew.

These Metaphisticks of Magitians,

And Necromantick booke are heauenly,

Lines, Circles, Letters, Characters:

I these are those that Faustus most desires.

O what a world of profit and delight,

Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,

Is promised to the studious Artizan?

All things that moue betweene the quiet Poles

Shall be at my command: Emperors and Kings,

Are but obey'd in their severall Provinces:

But his dominion that exceeds in this,

Stretcheth as farre as doth the mind of man:

A sound Magitian is a Demi-god,

Peretite my braines to get a Deity.

Enter Wagner.

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,

The Germane Valdes and Cornelius,

Request them earnestly to visit me.

Wag. I will sir.

Exit.

Faust. Their consernace will be a greater helpe to me,
Then all my labours, ples I ne're su'it.

Enter the Angell and Spirit.

Good A. O Faustus, lay that damned booke aside,
And gaze not on it least it tempt thy souls,
And heape Gods heauy wrath vpon thy head.

Reade, reade the Scriptures : that is blasphemy.

Bad A. Go forward Faustus in that famous Art
Wherin all natures treasure is contain'd :

Be thou on earth as Ioue is in the skye,

Lord and Commander of these elements :

Exeunt Ad.

Faust. How am I glutted with conceit of this ?

Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please ?

Resolve me of all ambiguities ?

Performe what desperate enterprize I will :

I'le haue them slie to Indian soz gold ;

Ransacke the Ocean soz Orient Pearle ,

And search all corners of the new-sound-world

For pleasant fruites, and Princely delicates .

I'le haue them read me Strange Philosophy ,

And tell the secrets of all foraine Kings :

I'le haue them wall all Germany with Brasse ,

And make swift Rhine, circle faire Wittenberge :

I'le haue them fill the publique Schooles with skill ,

Wherewith the Students shall be brauely clad .

I'le leauy soldiers with the coyne they bring ,

And chase the Prince of Parma from our Land ,

And raigne sole King of all the Provinces .

Pea stranger engines for the brunt of warre ,

Then was the fiery keele at Anwerpe bridge ,

I'le make my seruile spirits to invent .

Come Germane Valdes and Cornelius ,

And make me blest with your sage conference . Enter Valdes .

Valdes, sweete Valdes and Cornelius , and Cornelius .

Know that your words haue won me at the last .

To practise Magick and concealed Arts .

Philosophy is odious and obscure :

Both Law and Physicke are for petty wits ,

'Tis magick, magick, that hath tauisht me .

Then gentle friends aid me in this attempt ,

And I, that haue with subtle Sillogismes .

Crauel'd the Pastors of the Germane Church ,

And made the florizing pride of Wittenberg

Answer me to my Problemes, as th' infernall spirits

On .

On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

Val. Faustus, these bookeſ, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all ſtatious to Canonize vs,
As Indian Moores, obey their Spanish Lords ;
So ſhall the ſpirits of eny element,
Be alwaies ſeruiceable to vs three :
Little Lyons ſhall they guard vs when we please,
Like Almaine Rutters with their horſemens ſtaues,
Or Lopland Giants trotting by our ſides,
Sometimeſ like women or unwedded Maides :
Shadowing more beauty in their Arie browes,
Then has the white breaſts of the Queene of loue.
From Venice ſhall they drag huge Argofies,
And from America the Golden Fleece,
That yearely ſtuff'd old Phillips treasury,
If learned Faustus will be reſolute.

Faust. Valdes, as reſolute am I in this,
As to you to live, therefore obiect it not.

Corn. The miracles that magick will per forme,
Will make thee wile to ſtudy nothing elſe.
He that is grounded in Astrology,
Imblet with tongues, well ſeene in Mineralls,
Hath all the Principles Magick doth require :
Then doubt not Faustus but to be renowm'd,
And moze frequented ſo; this mysterie,
The: heerebefore the Delphian Oracle.
The ſpirits tell me they can dry the ſea,
And fetch the treasure of all forrains wreakes :
Yea all the wealth that our fore-fathers hid,
Within the maſsy entrailes of the earth :
Then tell me Faustus what shall we three want ?

Faust. Nothing Cornelius; O this cheeres my ſoule :
Come, ſhow me ſome demonstrations Magicall,
That I may coniure in ſome buſhy Groue,
And haue theſe ioies in full poſſeſſion.

Val. Then haſt thou to ſome ſolitary Groue,

And bears wise Bacons, and Albanus workes,
The Hebrew Psalter, and new Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite,
We will informe thee e're our conference cease.

Cor. Valdes, first let him know the words of Art,
And then all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning by himselfe.

Val. First I'le instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter then I.

Faust. Then come and dine with me, and after meate
We'le canuase euery quoditic thereof:
For e're I sleep, I'le try what I can do:
This night I'le coniure tho I die therefoze. Exeunt om.

Enter two Schollers.

1 Sch. I wonder what's become of Faustus that was wont
To make our schooles ring, with sic probo. Enter Wag.

2 Sch. That shall we presently know, here comes his boy.

1 Sch. How now sirra, where's thy Maister?

Wag. God in heauen knowes.

2 Sch. Why dost not thou know then!

Wag. Yes, I know, but that followes not.

1 Sch. Go to sirra, leaue your iesling, & tell vs where he is.

Wag. That followes not by force of argument, which
you, being Licentiats, should stand vpon, therefore acknow-
ledge your errour, and be attentiu.

2 Sch. Then you will not tell vs?

Wag. You are deceiu'd, for I will tell you: yet if you
were not dunces, you would never aske me such a question:
For is he not Corpus naturale? and is not that Mobile? Then
wherefore should you aske me such a question? But that I
am by nature flegmatique, slow to wrath, & prone to letcherie
(to loue I would say) it were not for you to come within for-
tie foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt but
to see you both hangd'd the next Sessions. Thus having tri-
umphed ouer you, I will set my countenance like a Precidian,
and begin to speake thus: Truly my deere brethren, say M^r.

Of Doctor Faustus.

is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine,
if it could speake, would informe your Worships: and so
the Lord blesse you, preserue you, and keepe you, my dears
brethren.

Exit.

1 Sch. O Faustus, then I feare þ which I haue long suspectey:
That thou art faine into that damned Art
For which they two are infamous through the world.

2 Sch. Were he a stranger, not allied to me,
The danger of his soule would make me mourne:
But come, let vs go, and informe the Rector:
It may be his graue counsell may reclaine him.

1 Sch. I feare me, nothing will reclaine him now.

2 Sch. Yet let vs see what we can do. Exeunt.

Thunder. Enter Lucifer and 4 devils, *Faustus* to them
with this speech.

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Longing to view Orions drising looke,
Leapes from th' Antarticke world unto the skie,
And dyms the Welkin, with her pitchy breathe:
Faustus, begin thine Incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy West,
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Ichoua's Name,
Forward, and backward, Anagramatis'd:
Th' abbreviated names of holy Saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heauens,
And Characters of Signes, and evening Starres,
By which the spirits are inforne'd to rise:
Then feare not Faustus to be resolute
And try the vtmost Magicke can performe.

Thunder. Siut mihi Dij Acherontis propitij, valeat numen tri-
plex Ichouæ, ignei Aerij, Aquatani spiritus saluete: Orientis
Princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha & demigor-
gon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat, & surgat Mephastophilis
Dragon, quod tumeraris; per Ichouam, gehennam, & con-

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secretam aquam, quam nunc spargo; signumq; crucis quod
nunc facio; & per vota nostra ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatis
Mephophilis.

Enter a Deuill.

I charge thee to returne, and change thy shape,
Thou art too vgly to attend on me:
Go and returne an old Franciscan Friar,
That holy shape becomes a deuill best. Exit deuill.
I see there's vertue in my heauenly words.
Who would not be proficent in this Art?
How pliant is this Mephophilis?
Full of obedience and humility,
Such is the force of Magick, and my spels.

Enter Mephophilis.

Meph. Now Faustus what wouldest thou haue me do?
Faust. I charge thee waite vpon me whilst I live
To do what euer Faustus shall command:
Be it to make the Moone drop from her Sphare,
Or the Ocean to overwhelme the world.

Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leaue;
No more then he commands, must we performe.

Faust. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

Meph. No, I came now hether of mine owne accyd.

Faust. Did not my coniuring raise thee? speake.

Meph. That was the cause, but yet per accident:
For when we heare one rakk the name of God,
Abiure the Scriptures, and his Sauiour Christ;
We sive in hope to get his glorious souls;
Nor will we come vntille he vs such meanes,
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd:
Therefore the sharpest cut for coniuring
Is stoutly to abiure all godlinesse,
And pray devoutely to the Prince of hell. (ple,

Faust. So Faustus hath already done, and holds this princi-
pality no chise but onely Beelzebub;

Of Doctor Faustus.

To whom Faustus doth dedicate himselfe.
This word Damnation, terrifies not me,
For I confound hell in Elizium:
My Ghost be with the old Philosophers.
But leauing these vaine trifles of mens soules,
Tell me, what is that Lucifer, thy Lord?

Meph. Arch-regent and Commander of all Spirits.
Faust. Was not that Lucifer an Angell once?
Meph. Yes Faustus, and most deerey lou'd of God.
Faust. How comes it then that he is Prince of Devils?
Meph. O: by aspiring pride and insolence,
For which God threw him from the face of heauen.

Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer?
Meph. Unhappy spirits that liue with Lucifer,
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for euer damn'd with Lucifer.

Faust. Where are you damn'd? Meph. In hell.
Faust. How comes it then that thou art out of hell?
Meph. Why this is hell: nor am I out of it.
Thinkest thou that I that saw the face of God,
And talked the eternall Joyes of heauen,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depry'd of everlasting blisse?
O Faustus leave these frowndous demandes,
Which strikes a terror to my fainting soule.

Faust. What is great Mephestophilis so passionate
For being depry'd of the Joyes of heauen?
Learne thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorne those Joyes thou never shalt possesse.
Go heare these tydings to great Lucifer,
Seeing Faustus hath incur'd eternall death,
By desperate thoughts against Ioues Deity:
Say he surrenders vp to him his soule,
So he will spare him foure and twenty yeares,
Letting him liue in all voluptuousnesse,
Having thee euer to attend on me,
To give me whatsoeuer I shall aske;
To tell me whatsoeuer I demand:

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To slay mine enemies, and to aid my friends,
And alwaies be obedient to my will.
Go, and returne to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my Study, at Midnight,
And then resolute me of thy Maisters mind.

Meph. I will Faustus. Exit.

Faust. Had I as many soules, as there be Starres,
I'de give them all for Mephophilis.
By him, I'le be great Emperour of the world,
And make a bridge, through the moving Aire,
To passe the Ocean: with a band of men
I'le ioyne the Hills that bind the Africk shore,
And make that Country, continent to Spaine,
And both contributary to my Crowne.
The Emperour shall not live, but by my leaue,
Nor any Potentate of Germany.
Now that I haue obtain'd what I desir'd
I'le live in speculation of this Art
Till Mephophilis returne againe. Exit.

Enter Wagner and the Clowne.

Wag. Come hither sirra boy.

Clo. Boy? O disgrace to my person: Zounds boy in your face, you haue seene many boyes with beards I am sure.

Wag. Sirra, hast thou no commings In?

Clow. Yes, and goings out too, you may see sir.

Wag. Alas poore slave, see how poverty ieſſis in his nakednesse, I know the Villaines out of service, and so hungry, that I know he would give his foule to the deuell, for a shoulder of Mutton, tho it were bloud raw.

Clo. Not so neither; I had need to haue it well roſted, and good ſauce to it, if I pay ſo deere, I can tell you.

Wag. Sirra, wilt thou be my man and waite on me; and I will make thee go, like Qui mihi discipulus.

Clow. What, in Verſe?

Wag. No ſlave, in beaten ſilke, and ſtaues-aker.

Clow. ſtaues-aker; that's good to kill Vermine; then be-

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like if I serue you, I shall be lousy.

Wag. Why so thou shalt be, whether thou doſt it or no: for ſirra, if thou doſt not preſently bind thy ſelſe to me for ſeven yeares, I'le turne all the lice about thee into familiars, and make them fare thee in peeces.

Clow. Nay ſir, you may ſave your ſelſe a labour, for they are as familiar with me, as if they payd for their meate and drinke, I can tell you.

Wag. Well ſirra, leauē your iefting, and take theſe Guil-

Clow. Yes marry ſir, and I thanke you to. (ders.

Wag. So, now thou art to bee at an howres warning, whensoeuer, and wheresoever the deuill ſhall fetch thee.

Clow. Here, take your Gilders I'le none of 'em.

Wag. But I, thou art preſt, prepare thy ſelſe, for I will preſently raife up two deuils to carry thee away: Banio, Belcher.

Clow. Belcher? and Belcher come here, I'le belch him: I am not afraid of a deuill. Enter 2 deuils.

Wag. How now ſir will you ſerue me now?

Clow. I good Wagner take away the deuill then.

Wag. Spirits away; now ſirra follow me.

Clow. I will ſir; but heaſts you Maister, will you teach me this coniuring Occupation?

Wag. I ſirra, I'le teach thee to turne thy ſelſe to a Dog, or a Cat, or a Houſe, or a Kat, or any thing.

Clow. A Dog, or a Cat, or a Houſe, or a Kat? O braue Wagner.

Wag. Willaine, call me Maister Wagner, and ſee that you walke atttentively, and let your right eye be alwaies, Diamenteſtrally fixt vpon my left heele, that thou maift, Quaſi vſti-gias noſtras inſiſte.

Clow. Well ſir, I warrant you.

Exeunt.

Enter Faſtus in his Study.

Faſt. Now Faſtus, muſt thou needs be damn'd? Canſt thou not be ſau'd? What bootes it then to thinke on God or Heauen?

Actv

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Away with such vaine fancies, and despaire,
 Despaire in God, and trust in Belzebub,
 Now go not backward Faustus, be resolute.
 Why wauerst thou? O something soundeth in mine eare.
 Abince this Magick, turne to God againe. (appetite
 Why he loues thee not: The God thou seru'st is thine owne
 Wherein is firt the loue of Belzebub,
 To him, I'le build an Altar and a Church,
 And offer luke-warme bloud, of new borne babes.

Enter the two Angels.

Euill An. Go forward Faustus in that famous Art.

Good An. Sweete Faustus leue that execrable Art.

Faust. Contrition, Prayer, Repentance? What of these?

Good A. O they are meanes to bring thee unto heauen.

Bad A. Kathc illusions, fruits of lunacy.

That make them foolish that do vse them most.

Good A. Sweet Faustus think of heauen, & heavenly things.

Bad A. No Faustus thinke of honour and of wealth. Ex. An.

Faust. Wealth: Why the Signory of Embden shall be mine:

When Mephostophilis shall stand by me,

What power can hurt me? Faustus thou art safe.

Cast no more doubts; Mepho: come

And bring glad tydings from great Lucifer.

It not midnight? come Mephostophilis.

Veni veni Mephostophile.

Enter Mephasto.

Now tell me what saith Lucifer thy Lord.

M. That I shall waite on Faustus whilst he liues,

So he will buy my seruice with his soule.

Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Meph. But now thou must bequeath it solemnly,

And wring a Deed of Gift with thine owne bloud;

For that security craves Lucifer.

If thou deny it I must backe to hell.

Faust. Stay Mephasto, and tell me,

What good will my soule do thy Lord?

Meph. Enlarge his Kingdome.

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Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts vs thus?

Meph. Solamen miseris, socios habuisse doloris.

Faust. Why, haue you any paine that torture other?

Meph. As great as haue the humane soules of men.

But tell me Faustus, shall I haue thy soule?

And I will be thy slave and waite on thee,

And giue thee more then thou hast wit to aske.

Faust. I Mephostophilis, I'le giue it him.

Meph. Then Faustus stab thy Arme couragiouly,

And bind thy soule, that at some certaine day

Great Lucifer may claime it as his owne,

And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Faust. Loe Mephosto: for loue of thee Faustus hath cut his
And with his propre bloud assures his soule to be great Lucifer,
Chiefe Lord and Regent of perpetuall night.
Wein here this bloud that trickles from mine arme,
And let it be propitious for my wish.

Meph. But Faustus

Write it in manner of a Deed of Gift.

Faust. I so I do; but Mephostophilis

My bloud congeales, and I can write no more.

Meph. I'le fetch thee fire to dissolve it staight. Exit.

Faust. What might the staying of my bloud portend?
Is it unwilling I should write this byll?
Why streames it not, that I may write a fresh?
Faustus giues to thee his soule: D there it staid.
Why shouldest thou not? is not thy soule thine owne?
Then write againe: Faustus giues to thee his soule.

Enter Mephostoph: with the Chafer of Fire.

Meph. See Faustus here is firs, set it on.

Faust. So, now the bloud begins to cleere againe:
Now will I make an end immedately.

Meph. What will not I do to obtaine his soule?

Faust. Consummatum est: this byll is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soule to Lucifer.
But what is this Inscriptiōn on mine Arme?

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Homo fuge, whether should I flye?
If vnto heauen, hee le throw me downe to hell.
My sentences are deceiu'd, here's nothing writ:
O yes, I see it plaine, euен heere is writ
Homo fuge, yet shall not Faustus flye.

Meph. I'le fetch him somewhat to delight his minde.

Exit.

Enter Deuils, giuing Crownes and rich apparel to
Faustus: they dance, and then depart.

Enter Mephostophilis.

Faust. What meanes this shew? speake Mephostophilis.
Meph. Nothing Faustus but to delight thy mind,
And let thee see what Magick can performe.

Faust. But may I raise such spirits when I please?

Meph. I Faustus, and do greater things then these.

Faust. Then Mephostophilis receine this scbole,
A Deed of Gift, of body and of soule:

But yet conditionally, that thou performe

All Covenants, and Articles, betweene vs both.

Meph. Faustus, I sweare by Hell and Lucifer,
To effect all promises betweene vs both.

Faust. Then heare me read it Mephostophilis.
On these conditions following.

First, that Faustus may be a spirit in forme and substance.

Secondly, that Mephostophilis shall be his seruant, and be by
him commanded.

Thirdly, that Mephostophilis shall doe for him, and bring him
whatsoever.

Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house inuisible.

Lastly, that hee shall appeare to the said Iohn Faustus, at all
times, in what shape and forme soever he please.

I Iohn Faustus of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these presents, doe
giue both body and soule to Lucifer, Prince of the East, and
his Minister Mephostophilis, and furthermore grant vnto them
that fourte and twentie yeares being expired, and these Articles
aboue written being inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the

said John Faustus, body and soule, flesh, bloud, into their habitation wheresoever.

By me John Faustus.

Meph. Speake Faustus, do you deliver this as your Deed?
Faust. I take it, and the devill give thee good of it.

Meph. So, now Faustus aske me what thou wilt.

Faust. First, I will question thee about hell:

Tell me, where is the place that men call Hell?

Meph. Under the heauens.

Faust. I, so are all things else; but whereabouts?

Meph. Within the bowels of these Elements,
Wher we are torfur'd, and remaine for ever.

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd,

In one selfe place: but where we are is hell,

And where hell is there must we ever be.

And to be shor't, when all the world dissolves,

And every creature shall be purifi'd,

All places shall be hell that is not heauen.

Faust. I thinke Hel's a fable.

Meph. I, thinke so still, till experience change thy mind.

Faust. Why, dost thou think that Faustus shall be damn'd?

Meph. I, of necessity, so here's the scribble

In which thou hast given thy soule to Lucifer.

Faust. I, and body too, but what of that:

Think'it thou that Faustus, is so fond to imagine,

That after this life there is any paine?

No, these are trifles, and were old wifes Tales.

Meph. But I am an instance to proue the contrary:

For I tell thee I am damn'd, and now in hell.

Faust. Nay, and this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd.

What sleeping, eating, walking and disputing?

But leauing this, let me haue a wife, the fairest maid in Germany, for I am wanton and lascivious, and cannot live without a wife.

Meph. Well Faustus, thou shalt haue a wife.

He fetches in a woman devill.

Faust. What sight is this?

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Meph. Now Faustus wilst thou haue a wife?

Faust. Here's a hot whore indeed; no, I'le no wife.

Meph. Marriage is but a ceremoniall toy,

And if thou louest me thinke no more of it,

I'le pull thee out the fairest Curtezans,

And bring them every morning to thy bed:

She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall hate;

Were she as chalte as was Penelope;

As wise as Saba, or as beautifull

As was bright Lucifer before his fall.

Here, take this booke, and peruse it well:

The Iterating of these lines brings gold;

The framing of this circle on the ground

Brings Thunder, Whirle-winds, Storme and Lightning:

Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thy selfe,

And men in harnesse shall appeare to thee,

Ready to execute what thou commandst.

Faust. Thankes Mephostophilis for this sweete booke,
This will I keepe, as chary as my life. Exeunt.

Enter Wagner folus.

Wag. Learned Faustus
To know the secrets of Astronomy
Grauen in the booke of Ioue's high firmament,
Did mount himselfe to scale Olympus top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawne by the strength of yoaky Dragons necks,
He now is gone to proue Cosmography,
And as I gesse will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his Court,
And take some part of holy Peters feaste,
That to this day is highly solemnized. Exit Wagner.

Enter Faustus in his Study, and Mephostophilis.

Faust. When I behold the heauens then I repent
I curse thee wicked Mephostophilis,

Of Doctor Faustus.

Because thou hast depriu'd me of those Joyes.

Meph. 'Twas thine own seeking Faustus, thankē thy selfe.
But think'st thou heauen is such a gloriouſ thinge
I tell thee Faustus it is not halfe ſo faire
As thou, or any man that breathe on earth.

Faust. How prou'ſt thou that?

Meph. 'Twas made for man; then he's more excellent.

Faust. If Heauen was made for man, 'twas made for me;
I will renounce this Magickē and repent.

Enter the two Angels.

Good A. Faustus repent, yet God will pity thee.

Bad A. Thou art a spirit, God cannot pity thee.

Faust. Who buzzeth in mine eares I am a spirit?
Be I a devill yet God may pity me.

Pea, God will pity me if I repent.

Evill An. I, but Faustus never shall repent.

Exit Angels.

Faust. My heart is hardened, I cannot repent:
Scarce can I name ſaluation, faith, or heauen.
Swords, poyson, halters, and inuenom'd ſtale,
Are laid before me to dispatch my ſelfe:
And long e're this, I ſhould haue done the deed,
Had not ſweete pleasure conquer'd deepe deſpaire.
Haue not I made blind Homer ſing to me
Of Alexanders loue, and Oenons death?
And hath not he that built the walleſ of Thebes,
With vaniſhing ſound of his melodious Harpe,
Made muſicke with my Mephophilis?
Why ſhould I die then, or basely deſpaire?
I am resolu'd, Faustus ſhall not repent.
Come Mephophilis let vs diſpute againe,
And reaſon of diuine Astrology.
Speake, are there many ſyphareſ about the Moone?
Are all Celeſtiall bodies but one Globe,
As is the ſubſtance of this centrick earth?

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Meph. As are the elements, such are the heauens,
Cuen from the Moone unto the Emperiall Drebe,
Mutually folded in each others Sphareas,
And ionly moue vpon one Axle-tree,
Whose terminie, is tearened the worlds wide Pole.
For are the names of Saturne, Mars, or Jupiter,
Train'd, but are euening Starres.

Faust. But haue they all one motion, both sicu & tempore?

Meph. All moue from East to West, in fourt and
twentie houres, vpon the poles of the world, but differ in
their motions vpon the poles of the Zodiacke.

Faust. These slender questions Wagner can decide:
Hath Mephostophilis no greater skill?

Who knowes not the double motion of the Planets?
That the first is finisht in anaturall daye;
The second thus, Saturne in 30 yeares;
Jupiter in 12, Mars in 4; the Sun, Venus, and
Mercury in a yeare; the Moone in twenty eight daies.
These are fresh mens questions: But tell me, hath euery
Spharea a Dominion, or Intelligentia. Meph. I.

Faust. How many Heauens, or Sphareas, are there?

Meph. Nine, the seuen Planets, the Firmament, and the
Emperiall heauen.

Faust. But is there not Ccelum igneum, & Christalimum?

Meph. No Faustus they be but fables.

Faust. Resolute me then in this one question:
Why are not Coniunctions, Oppositions, Aspects, Eclipses,
all at one time, but in some years we haue more, in some lesse?

Meph. Per inæqualem motum, respectu totius.

Faust. Well, I am answer'd: now tell me who made the
Meph. I will not (world?)

Faust. Sweet Mephostophilis tell me.

Meph. Haue me not Faustus.

Faust. Villaine, haue not I bound thee to tell me any thing?

Meph. I, that is not against our Kingdome.

This is: Thou art damn'd, think thou of hell.

Faust. Thinke Faustus vpon God, that made the world.

Meph. Remember this, —— Exit.

Of Doctor Faustus.

Faust. I go accursed spirit to vgly hell:
'Tis thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus soule. Is't not too late?

Enter the two Angels.

Bad. Too late.

Good. Neuer too late, if Faustus will repent.

Bad. If thou repent, devils will teare thee in peeces.

Good. Repent and they shall never rāise thy skin. Ex.A.

Faust. O Christ my Saviour, my Saviour,
Helpē to saue distressed Faustus soule.

Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephophilis.

Lucif. Christ cannot saue thy soule, for he is iust,
There's none but I have interest in the same.

Faust. O what art thou that look' st so terribly.

Lucif. I am Lucifer, and this is my companion Prince in

Faust. O Faustus they are come to fetch thy soule. (hell.

Belz. We are come to tell thee thou doſt iniure vs.

Lucif. Thou calſt on Christ contrary to thy p̄misse.

Belz. Thou shoulſt not thinke on God.

Lucif. Thinke on the devill.

Belz. And his dam to.

Faust. Noz will Faustus henceforth: pardon him for this,
And Faustus beloves never to looke to heauen.

Lucif. So ſhall thou ſhew thy ſelfe an obedient ſervant,
And we will highly gratify thee for it.

Belz. Faustus we are come from hell in person to ſhew
thee ſome paſſtime: ſit downe and thou ſhall behold the ſeven
deadly ſinnes appear to thee in their owne proper ſhapes
and likenesſe.

Faust. That fight will be as pleasant to me, as Paradise
was to Adam the firſt day of his creation.

Lucif. Take not of Paradise or Creation, but muche
the ſhew, go Mephophilis fetch them in.

Enter the 7 deadly ſinnes.

Belz. Now Faustus, question them of their names and
diſpoſitions.

Faust.

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Faust. That shall I soone: What art thou the first?

Pride. I am Pride; I disdaine to haue any parents: I am like to Ouids Flea, I can creepe into every corner of a Trench: Sometimes, like a Perriswig, I sit vpon her Brow: next, like a Necke-lace I hang about her Necke: Then, like a Fan of Feathers, I kisse her; And then turning my selfe to a wrought Smoake do what I list. But sye, what a smell is heere? I le not speake a word more for a Kings ransoms, unlesse the ground be perfum'd, and cover'd with cloth of Arras.

Faust. Thou art a proud knave indeed: What art thou the second?

Couet. I am Couetousnesse: begotten of an old Charle in a leather bag; and might I now obtaine my wish, this house you and all, should turne to Gold, that I might locke you safe into my Chest: O my sweete Gold!

Faust. And what art thou the third?

Envy. I am Envy, begotten of a Chimney-sweeper, and an Dyster-wife: I cannot read, and therefore with all books burn'd. I am leane with seeing others eate: O that there would come a famine ouer all the world, that all might die, and I live alone, then thou shouldest see how sat I'd be. But must thou sit, and I stand: come downe with a vengeance.

Faust. Out envious wretch: But what art thou the fourth?

Wrath. I am Wrath; I had neither father nor mother, I leapt out of a Lyons mouth when I was scarce an hours old, and ever since haue run vp and downe the world with these case of Rapiers, wounding my selfe when I could get none to fight withall: I was borne in hell, and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

Faust. And what art thou the fist?

Glut. I am Gluttony; my parents are all dead, and the deuill a peny they haue left me, but a small pention, and that buyes me thirly meales a day, and ten Beavers: a small crifte to suffice nature. I come of a Royall Pedigree, my father was a Gammon of Bacon, and my mother was a Hogs-head of Claref Wine. My godfathers were these: Peter-herring, and Martin Martlemasse-boife: But my god-

Of Doctor Faustus.

mother, O she was an ancient Gentlewoman, her name was Margery March-beete: Now Faustus thou hast heard all my progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. Not I.

Glu. Then the devill chooke thee.

Faust. Choke thyselfe Glutton: What art thou the first?

Sloth. Hey ho; I am Sloch: I was begotten on a sunny bank: hey ho: I le not speake a word more for a kings ransome.

Fau. And what are you Mistris Winkes, the seventh & last?

Letch. Who I I sir: I am one that loues an inch of raw button, better then an ell of fyde Stockfish: and the first letter of my name begins with Letchery.

Luc. Away to hell, away on piper. Ex. the 7 sinnes.

Faust. O how this sight doth delight my soule.

Luc. But Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

Faust. O might I see hell, and returne againe safe, how happy were I then.

Luc. Faustus, thou shalt, at midnight I will send for thee; Meane while peruse this booke, and view it throughly, And thou shalt turne thy selfe into what shap thou wilt.

Faust. Thankes mighty Lucifer:

This will I keepe as chary as my life.

Luc. Now Faustus farewell.

Faust. Farewell great Lucifer: come Mephostophilis

Excut omnes, seuerall waies.

Enter the Clowne.

What Dick, lobke to the horses there fill I come againe. I haue gotten one of Doctor Faustus coniuring booke, and now we haue such knavery, as't passes.

Enter Dick.

Dick. What Robin, you must come away & walk the horses.

Rob. I walke the horses, I scorn't saith, I haue other matters in hand, let the horses walk themselues and they will. A perse a, t. h. e the: o per se o deny organ, gorgon: keeps further from me O thou illiterate, and unlearned Hostler.

Dick. Snayles, what hast thou got there a book: why thou canst not tell me to a word on't.

Rob.

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Rob. That thou shalt see presently: keep out of the circle, I say, least I send you into the Oly with a vengeance.

Dick. That's like 'faith: you had best leauie your foolery, for an my Maister come, he'll coniure you 'faith.'

Rob. My Maister coniure me? I'll tell thee what: an my Maister come here, I'll clap as faire a paire of hennes on's head as e're thou sawest in thy life. (it.

Dick. Thou needst not do that, for my Mistresse hath done

Rob. I, thers be of vs here, that haue waded as deep in to matters, as other men, if they were disposed to talke.

Dick. A plague take you, I thought you did not sneake vp and downe after her for nothing. But I prethee tell me, in good sadnessse Robin, is that a coniuring booke?

Rob. Do but speake what thou'lt haue me to do, and I'll do't: If thou'lt dance naked, put off thy cloathes, and I'll coniure thee about presently: & if thou'lt go but to the Taverne with me, I'll give thee white wine, red wine, claret wine, Wacke, Muscadine, Palmesey and Whippincrust, hold belly hold, and wee'll not pay one penny for it.

Dick. Obraue, prethee let's to it presently, for I am as dry as a dog.

Rob. Come then let's away.

Exeunt.

Enter the Chorus.

Learned Faustus to find the secrets of Astronomy,
Grauen in the boske of Ioues high firmament,
Did mount him vp to scale Olimpus top.
Where sitting in a Chariot burning bright,
Drawne by the strength of yoked Dragons neckes;
He viewes the cloudes, the Planets, and the Starres,
The Tropick, Zones, and quarters of the skye,
From the bright circle of the horned Moone,
Euen to the height of Primum Mobile:
And whirling round with this circumference,
Within the concane compass of the Pole,
From East to West his Dragons swiftly glides,
In eight daies did bring him home againe.

Of Doctor Faustus.

Not long he stayed within his quiet house,
To rest his bones after his weary toyle,
But new exploits do hale him out agen,
And mounted then vpon a Dragons backe,
That with his wings did part the subtle aire:
He now is gone to proues Cosmography,
That measures cosets, and kingdommes of the earth:
And as I guesse will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his Court,
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
The which this day is highly solemnized.

Exit.

Enter Faustus and Mephostophilis.

Faust. Having now my good Mephostophilis,
Pass with delight the stately Towne of Trier:
Invironed round with airy mountaine tops,
With wals of flint, and deepe intrenched Lakes,
Not to be wonne by any conquering Prince.
From Paris next, costing the Realme of Franc,
We saw the Riuier Maine, fall into Rhines,
Whose bankes are set with Groues of fruitfull Wines.
Then vp to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings faire, and gorgeous to the oye,
The streetes straight forth, and paved with finest brick.
There saw we learned Maroes golden tombe:
The way he cut an English mile in length,
Through a rocke of stone in one nights space:
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the East,
In one of which a sumptuous Temple stands,
That threatnes the staires with her aspiring top,
Whose frame is paved with sundry coloured stones,
And roof't aloft with curious worke in gold.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time.
But tell me now, what resting place is this?
Hast thou, as earst I did command,
Conducted me within the walles of Rome?

Meph. I haue my Faustus, and for proof thereof,

The

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This is the goodly Palace of the Pope :
And cause we are no common guests,
I chuse his priuy chamber for our vse.

Faust. I hope his Holinesse will bid vs welcome.

Meph. All's one, for wee'l be bold with his Vensem.
But now my Faustus, that thou maist perceiue,
What Rome containes for to delight thine eyes.
Know that this City stands vpon seuen hills,
That vnderprop the ground-worke of the same:
Just through the midst runnes flowing Tybers streame,
With winding bankes that cut it in two parts ;
Ouer the which two stately Bridges leane,
That make safe passage, to each part of Rome,
Upon the Bridge, call'd Ponto Angelo,
Erected is a Castle passing strong,
Where thou shalt see such store of Ordinance,
As that the double Cannons forg'd of brasse,
Do watch the number of the daies contain'd,
Within the compasse of one compleat yeare :
Beside the gates, and high Pyramydes,
That Iulius Cæsar brought from Affrica.

Faust. Now by the Kingdomes of Infernall Rule,
Of Stix, of Acheron, and the fiery Lake,
Of euer-burning Phlegeton, I sweare,
That I do long to see the Monuments
And situation of bright splendent Rome,
Come therefore, let's away.

Meph. Nay stay my Faustus : I know you'd see the Pope
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
The which this day with high solemnity,
This day is held through Rome and Italy ,
In honour of the Popes triumphant victory.

Faust. Sweete Mephosto, thou pleasest me
Whilst I am here ou earth : Let me be cloyd
With all things that delight the heart of man,
By soure and twenty yeares of liberty
To spend in pleasure and in daliance,
At Faustus name, whilst this bright frans doth stand;

Of Doctor Faustus.

May be admir'd through the furthest Land.

Meph. 'Tis well said Faustus, come then stand by me
And thou shalt see them come immediately.

Faust. May stay my gentle Mephostophilis,
And grant me my request, and then I go.
Thou know'st within the compasse of eight daies,
We view'd the face of heauen, of earth and hell.
So high our Dragons soar'd into the aire,
That looking downe the earth appear'd to me,
No bigger then my hand in quantity.
There did we view the Kingdome of the world,
And what might please mine eye, I there beheld.
Then in this shew let me an Actor be,
That this proud Pope may Faustus comming see.

Meph. Let it be so my Faustus, but first stay,
And view their triumphs, as they passe this way.
And then devise what best contents thy minde,
By comming in thine Art to crosse the Pope,
Or dash the pride of this solemnity;
To make his Monkes and Abbots stand like Apes;
And point like Antiques at his triple Crowne:
Or beate the beades about the Friars Pates,
Or clap huge hōnes, upon the Cardinals heads:
Or any villany thou canst devise,
And I'll performe it Faustus: heark they come:
This day shall make thee be admir'd in Rome.

Enter the Cardinals and Bishops, some bearing Crochers, some
the Pillars, Monkes and Friars, singing their Procession:

Then the Pope, and Raymond King of Hunga-
ry, with Bruno led in chaines.

Pope. Cast downe our Foot-stoole.

Ray. Satan Bruno stoope, A sunce whilst on thy backe his holliness ascends
Whilst on thy backe his holliness ascends
Saint Peters Chaire and State Pontificall.

Bru. Proud Lucifer, that state belongs to me:
But thus I fall to Peter, not to thee.

Pope To me and Peter, shalt thou groueling lie,
Apperrouch before the Papall dignity :
Sound Trumpets then, for thus Saint Peters Heire,
From Bruno's backs, ascends Saint Peters Chairs.

A Flourish while he ascends.

Thus, as the Gods, creepe on with feate of woe,

Long ere with Iron hands they punish men,

So shall our sleeping vengeance now arise,

And smite with death thy hated enterprise.

Lord Cardinals of France and Padua,

Go forth-with to our holy Confissory,

And read amongst the Statutes Decretall,

What by the holy Councell held at Trent,

The sacred Synod hath decrived for him,

That doth assume the Papall government,

Without election, and a true consent :

Away and bring vs word with speed.

Card. We go my Lord. Excut Cardinals.

Pope. Lord Raymond.

Faust. Go hast thee gentle Mephostophilis,

Follow the Cardinals to the Confissory ;

And as they turne their superstitious bookees,

Strike them with sloth, and drowsy idlenesse;

And make them sleepe so sound, that in their shapes,

Thy selfe and I, may parly with this Pope :

This proud confronter of the Emperour,

And in despits of all his Holiness.

Restore this Bruno to his liberty,

And beare him to the States of Germany.

Meph. Faustus, I goe.

Faust. Dispatch it soone,

The Pope shall curse that Faustus came to Rome.

Exit Faustus and Meph.

Bruno. Pope Adrian let me haue some right of Law,
I was elected by the Emperour.

Pope. We will depose the Emperour for that deed,

And curse the people that submit to him ;

Death he and thou shalt stand excommunicate,

And interdict from Churches privilege,
 And all society of holy men:
 He growes to powd in his authority,
 Lifting his loftie head aboue the clouds,
 And like a Steeple ouer-pierces the Church.
 But we'll pul downe his haughty insolence:
 And as Pope Alexander our Progenitour,
 Trode on the neck of Germane Frederick,
 Adding this golden sentence to our praise;
 That Peters heires should tread on Emperours,
 And walke vpon the dreadfull Adders backe,
 Treading ths Lyon, and the Dragon downe.
 And fearelesse spurne the killing Basiliske:
 So will we quell that haughty Schismatique,
 And by authority Apostolicall
 Depose him from his Regall Government.

Bru. Pope Iulius swore to Princely Sigismonde,
 For him, and the succeding Popes of Rome,
 To hold the Emperours their lawfull Lords.

Pope. Pope Iulius did abuse the Churches Rites,
 And therefore none of his Decrees can stand.
 Is not all power on earth bestowed on vs?
 And therefore tho we would me cannot erre.
 Behold this Silver Welt whereto is fitt
 Seuen golden seales fast sealed with seuen seales,
 In token of our seuen-fold power from heauen,
 To binde or loose, lock fast, condemne, or judge,
 Resigne, or seale, or what so pleaseh vs.
 Then he and thou, and all the world shall stoope,
 Or be assured of our dreadfull curse,
 To light as heauy as the paines of hell.

Enter Faustus and Mephosto. like the Cardinals.

Meph. Now tell me Faustus, art we not fittid well?

Faust. Yes Mephosto. and two such Cardinals
 We're serv'd a holy Pope, as we shall do.
 But whilst they sleepe within the Consistory,

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Let vs salute his reverend Father-hood.

Ray. Behold my Lord, the Cardinals are return'd.

Pope. Welcome graue Fathers, answ'rs presently,
What haue our holy Councell there decreed,
Concerning Bruno and the Emperour,
In quittance of their late conspiracie
Against our State, and Papall dignitie?

Faust. Most sacred Patron of the Church of Rome,
By full consent of all the Synod
Of Priests and Prelates, it is thus decret'd:
That Bruno, and the Germane Emperour
Be held as Lollards, and bold Schismatiques,
And proud disturbers of the Churches peace.
And if that Bruno by his owne assent,
Without inforcement of the German Peeres,
Did seeke to weare the triple Dyadem,
And by your death to clime S. Peters Chaire.,
The Statutes Detretall haue thus decret'd,
He shall be streight condemn'd of heresie,
And on a pile of fagots burnt to death.

Pope. It is enough: here, take him to your charge,
And beare him streight to Ponto Angelo,
And in the strongest Tower inclose him fast,
To morrow, sitting in our Consistory,
With all our Colledge of graue Cardinals,
We will determine of his life or death.
Here, take his triple Crowne along with you,
And leaue it in the Churches treasury.
Make haste againe, my good Lord Cardinals,
And take our blessing Apostolicall.

Meph. So, so, was never Dinell thus blest before.

Faust. Away sweet Mephosto, be gone,
The Cardinals will be plagu'd for this anon. Ex.Fa.& Mep.

Pope. Go presently, and bring a basket forth,
That we may solemnize S. Peters feast,
And with Lord Raymond, King of Hungary,
Dinke to our late and happy victory.

Exeunt,

Of Doctor Faustus.

A Senit while the Banquet is brought in; and then Enter
Faustus and Mephistophilis in their owne
shapes.

Meph. Now Faustus, come prepare thy selfe for mirth,
The sleepy Cardinals are hard at hand,
To censure Bruno, that is posted hence,
And on a proud pac'd Steed, as swift as thought,
Flies o're the Alpes to fruitfull Germany,
There to salute the wofull Emperour.

Faust. The Popes will curse them for their sloth to day.
That slept both Bruno and his crowne away,
But now, that Faustus may delight his minde,
And by their folly make some merriment,
Sweet Mephisto: so charme me here,
That I may walke invisible to all,
And doe what ere I please, vnseene of any.

Meph. Faustus thou shalt, then knele downe presently,

Whilst on thy head I lay my hand,
And charme thee with this Magicke wand,
First weare this girdle, then appeare
Inuisible to all arte here:
The Planets seuen, the gloomy aire,
Hell and the Furies forked haire,
Pluto's blew fire, and Hecat's tree,
With Magicke spels so compasse thee,
That no eye may thy body see.

So Faustus, now for all their holiness,
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

Faust. Thankes Mephisto: now friers take heed,
Lest Faustus make your shauen crownes to bleed.

Meph. Faustus no more: see where the Cardinals come.

Enter Pope and all the Lords. Enter the Cardinals
with a Booke.

Pope. Welcome Lord Cardinals: come sit downe.

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Lord Raymond, take your seate, Friers attend,
And see that all things be in readinesse,
As best besemes this solemne festivall.

I. Card. First, may it please your sacred Holinesse,
To view the sentence of the reverend Synod,
Concerning Bruno and the Emperour.

Pope. What needs this question? Did I not tell you,
To morrow we woulde sit i' th Consistory,
And there determine of his punishment?
You brought vs word suen now, it was decretē,
That Bruno and the cursed Emperour
Were by the holy Councell both condemn'd
For lothed Lollozds, and base Schismatiques:
Then wherefore would you haue me view that booke?

I. Card. Your Grace mistakes, you gaue vs no such charge.

Ray. Deny it not, we all are witnessses
That 'Bruno here was late deliv'red you,
With his rich triple crowne to be reseru'd,
And put into the Churches treasury.

Amb. Card. By holy Paul we saw them not.

Pope. By Peter you shall dye,
Unlesse you bring them forth immediatly:
Hale them to prison, lade their limbes with gyues:
False Prelates, for this hatefull treachery,
Curst be your soules to hellish misery.

Faust. So, they are safe: now Faustus to the feast,
The Pope had never such a stolische guest.

Pope. Lord Archbisshop of Reames, sit downe with vs.

Bish. I thanke your Holiness.

Faust. Fall to, the Diuell choke you an you spare.

Pope. Who's that spoke? Friers loke about,
Lord Raymond pray fall to, I am beholding
To the Bishop of Millaine, for this so rare a present.

Faust. I thanke you sir.

Pope. How now? who snatch't the meat from me?

Villaines why speake you not?

My god Lord Archbisshop, heres a most daintie dish,
Present me from a Cardinall in France.

Of Doctor Faustus.

Faust. I'le haue that too.

Pope. What Lollards do attend our Holinesse,
That we receiuie such great indignity? fetch me some wine.

Faust. I, pray do, for Faustus is a dray.

Pope. Lord Kaymond, I drinke unto your grace.

Faust. I pledge your grace.

Pope. My wine gone to? yes Lubbers looke about
And finde the man that doth this villany,
Or by our sanctitude you all shall die.
I pray my Lords haue patience at this
Troublesome banquet.

Bish. Please it your holinesse, I thinke it be some Ghoul
crept out of Purgatory, and now is come vnto your holynesse
for his pardon.

Pope. It may be so:

Go then command our priests to sing a Dirge,
To lay the fury of this same troublesome ghost.

Faust. How now? must every bit be spiced with a Crosset?
May then take that.

Pope. O I am slaine, help me my Lords:
O come and help to bear me body hence:
Damb'd be this soule for euer, for this deed.

Excuse the Pope and his traine.

Mc. Now Faustus, what will you do now? for I can tell you
You'le be curst with Bell, Booke, and Candle.

Faust. Bell, Booke, and Candle; Candle, Booke, and Bell,
Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell.

Enter the Friars with Bell, Booke, and Candle,
for the Dirge.

I Frier. Come brethren; let's about our busynesse with
good devotion.

Cursed be he that stole his holiness meat from the Table.

Maledicat Dominus.

Cursed be he that stroke his holiness a blow the face.

Maledicat Dominus.

THE MAGICAL FINTONE

Cursed be he that struke fryer Sandelo a blow on the pate,
Maledicat Dom.
Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy Dirge.
Maledicat Dom.
Cursed be he that tooke away his holinesse wine.
Maledicat Dom.

Weate the Friers, fling fire worke among them,
and Excunt.
Excunt.

Enter Clowne and Dicke, with a Cup.

Dick. Sirra Robin, we were best looke that your deuill
can answere the stealing of this same cup, for the Vintners
boy followes vs at the hard heeles.

Rob. 'Tis no matter, let him come; an he follow vs, I'll so
coniure him, as he was never coniur'd in his life, I warrant
him; let me see the cup.

Enter Vinter.

Dick. Here 'tis: Wonder he comes: Now Robin, now as
never shew thy cunning.

Vint. O, are you here? I am glad I haue found you, you
are a couple of fine companions: pray where's the cup, you
stole from the Taverne?

Rob. How, how? we steale a cup? take heed what you say,
we looke not like cup-stealers I can tell you.

Vint. Never deny't, for I know you haue it, and I'll
search you.

Rob. Search me? I haue spare not: hold the cup Dick,
come, come, search me, search me.

Vint. Come on sirra, let me search you now.

Dick. I, I, do, do, hold the cup Robin, I feare not your
searching; we scorne to steale your cups I can tell you.

Vint. Never out face me for the matter, for sure the cup is
betweene you two.

Rob. Nay there you lie, 'tis beyond vs both.

Vint.

Of Doctor Faustus.

Vint. A plague take you, I thought 'twas your knavery
to take it away : Come, give it me againe.

Rob. I much, when can you tell : Dick, make me a cir-
cle, and stand close at my backe, and stir not for thy life, Vint-
ner you shall haue your cup anon, say nothing Dick : Oper-
se o, demogorgon, Belcher and Mephostophilis.

Enter Mephostophilis.

Meph. You Princely Legions of infernall Rule,
How am I vexed by these villaines Charmes?
From Constantinople haue they brought me now,
Only for pleasure of these damned slaves.

Rob. By Lady sir, you haue had a shroud tourney of it,
will it please you to take a shoulder of Mutton to supper, and
a Tesser in your purse, and go backe againe.

Dick. I, I pray you heartily sir; for we cal'd you but in
jeal' I promise you.

Meph. To purge the rashnesse of this cursed deed,
First, be thou turned to this vgly shape,
For Apish deeds transformed to an Ape.

Rob. O brane, an Ape? I pray sir, let me haue the carry-
ing of him about to shew some trickes.

Meph. And so thou shalt: be thou transform'd to a dog, and
carry him vpon thy backe; away be gone.

Rob. A dog: that's excellent : let the Maids locke well to
their porridge-pots, for I le into the Kitchin presently: come
Dick, come. Exeunt the two Clownes.

Meph. Now with the flames of euer-burning fire,
I le wing my selfe and forth with sie amaine
Unto my Faustus to the great Turkes Court. Exeunt. Exeunt.

Enter Martino, and Fredericke at severall dores.

Mart. What ho, Officers, Gentlemen,
Hye to the presence to attend the Emperour,
Good Fredericke see the roomes be voyded straight,

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY
His Maiesy is coming to the Hall;
Go backe, and see the State in readinesse.

Fre. But where is Bruno our elected Pope,
That on a furies backe came post from Rome,
Will not his grace consort the Emperour.

Mart. O yes, and with him comes the Germane Confuter.
The learned Faustus, fame of Wittenberge,
The wonder of the world for Magick Art;
And he intends to shew great Carolus,
The race of all his stout progenitors;
And bring in presence of his Maiesy,
The royall shapes and warlike semblances
Of Alexander and his beauteous Paramour.

Fre. Where is Benuolio?

Mart. Fast a sleepe I warrant you,
He took his rouse with steves of Rhennish wine,
So kindly yesternight to Bruno's health,
That all this day the sluggard keepes his bed.

Fre. See his windoul's ope, we'll call to him.

Mart. What hoe, Benuolio.

Enter Benuolio above at a window, in his
nightcap buttoning.

Benu. What a devill ayle you tree?

Mar. Speak softly sir, least the devil heare you:
For Faustus at the Court is late arriu'd,
And at his heeles a thousand furies waite,
To accomplish what soever the Doctor please.

Benu. What of this?

Mar. Come leue thy chamber first, and thou shalt see
This Confuter performe such rare exploits,
Before the Pope and royall Emperour,
As never yet was seene in Germany.

Benu. Has not the Pope enough of coniuring yet?
He was upon the devills backe late enough;
And if he be so faine in loue with him,

Of Doctor Faustus.

I would he would post with him to Rome againe.

Fred. Speake, wilt thou come and see this spoyle?

Ben. Not I.

Mar. Wilt thou stand in thy Window, and see it thene?

Ben. I, and I fall not asleepe i' th meane time.

Mar. The Emperour is at hand, who comes to see
What wonders by blacke spels may compast be.

Ben. Well, go you attend the Emperour: I am content
for this once to thrust my head out at a window: for they say,
if a man be drunke ouer night, the Diuell cannot hurt him in
the morning: if that bee true, I haue a charme in my head,
Shall controule him as well as the Coniurer, I warrant you.

Exit.

A Senit. Charles the Germane Emperour, Bruno,
Saxony, Faustus, Mephostophilis, Frede-
ricke Martino, and Atten-
dants.

Emp. Wonder of men, renown'd Magitian,
Thrice learned Faustus, welcome to our Court.

This deed of thine, in setting Bruno fré
From his and our protestéd enemy,
Shall adde more excellency vnto thine Art,
Then if by powerfull sacramantick spels,
Thou couldst command the worlds obedience;
For euer be belou'd of Carolus.

And if this Bruno thou hast late redemp't,
In peace possesse the triple Diadem,
And sit in Peters Chaire, despite of chance,
Thou shalt be famous through all Italy,
And honour'd of the Germane Emperour.

Faust. These gracious words, most royll Carolus,
Shall make poore Faustus to his vtmost power,
With loue and serue the Germane Emperour,
And lay his life at holly Bruno's feet.
For prouose whereof, if so your Grace be please'd,

The Doctor stands prepar'd, by power of Art,
 To cast his Magick charms, that shall pierce through
 The Ebon gates of ever-burning hell,
 And hale the stubborn furies from their caves,
 To compasse whatsoe'er your grace commands.

Ben. Bloud he speakes terribly : but for all that, I doe not
 greatly beleue him, he looks as like Coniurer as the Pope to
 a Coffer-monger.

Emp. Then Faustus as thou late didst promise vs,
 We would behold that famous Conquerour,
 Great Alexander, and his Paramour,
 In their true shapes, and state Maiesticall,
 That we may wonder at their excellency.

Faust. Your Maiesty shall see them presently,
 Mephasto away.
 And with a solemne noyse of trumpets sound,
 Present before this royall Emperour,
 Great Alexander and his beauteous Paramour.

Meph. Faustus I will.

Ben. Well M. Doctor, an your Divils come not away
 quickly, you shall haue me asleepe presently : zounds I could
 eate my selfe for anger, to thinke I haue beene such an Asse
 all this while, to stand gaping after the diuels Courtes, and
 can see nothing.

Faust. I'll make you feele something anon, if my Art fails
 me not.

My Lord, I must forewarne your Maiesty,
 That when my Spirits presnt the royall shapes
 Of Alexander and his Paramour,
 Your grace demand no questions of the King,
 But in dumbe silence let them come and goe.

Emp. Be it as Faustus please, we are content.

Ben. I, I, and I am content too : and thou bring Alexander and his Paramour before the Emperour, I'll be Actor on, and turne my selfe to a Stagge.

Faust. And I'll play Diana, and send you the hornes presently.

Of Doctor Faustus.

Senit. Enter at one the Emperour Alexander, at the other
Darius; they meete, Darius is throwne downe, Alexan-
der killis him; takes off his Crowne, and offering to goe
out, his Paramour meetes him, he embraceth her, and
sets Darius Crowne vpon her head; and com-
ming backe, both salute the Emperour,
who leauing his State, offers to em-
brace them, which Faustus seeing,
suddenly staines him. Then trum-
pets cease, and Musickie.
ounds.

My gracious Lord, you doe forget your selfe,
These are but shadowes, not substantiall.

Emp. O pardon me, my thoughts are so ravished
With sight of this renowned Emperour,
That in mine armes I would haue compast him.
But Faustus, since I may not speake to them,
To satisfie my longing thoughts at full,
Let me this tell thee : I haue heard it said,
That this faire Lady, whilst she liu'd on earth,
Had on her necke a little wart, or mole ;
How may I proue that saying to be true ?

Faust. Your Maiest̄ may boldly goe and see.

Emp. Faustus I see it plaine,
And in this sight thou better pleasest me,
Then if I gain'd another Monarchie.

Faust. Away, be gone.

Exit Show.

Here, sir, my gracious Lord, what strange beast is yon, that
thrusts his head out at window.

Emp. O wondrous sight: see Duke of Saxony,
Two spreading hornes most strangely fastened
Upon the head of yong Benvolio.

Sax. What is he asleep, or dead?

Faust. He sleeps my Lord, but dreams not of his horns.

Emp. This sport is excellent: we'll call and wake him.

What ha, Benvolio. I am sorry for you.

Ben. A plague vpon you, let me sleepe a while.
Emp. I blame thee not to sleepe much, having such a head
of thine owne.

Sax. Looke vp Benvolio, tis the Emperour calls.

Ben. The Emperour? where? O wounds my head.

Emp. Nay, and thy hornes hold, tis no matter for thy
head, for that's arm'd sufficiently.

Faust. Why ho is now sir Knight, what hang'd by the
hornes: this most horrible: fie, fie, pull in your head for shame,
let not all the world wonder at you.

Ben. Zounds Doctor, is this your villany?

Faust. O say not so sir: the Doctor has no skill,
No Art, no cunning, to present these Lords,

O bring before this royall Emperour

The mightie Monarch, warlike Alexander.

If Faustus do it, you are streight resolu'd,

In bold Acteons shape to turne a stagge.

And therefore my Lord, so please your Maiestie,

I'll raise a kennell of hounds shall hunt him so,

As all his footmanship shall scarce preuaile,

To keepe his Carkasse from their bloudy phangs.

Ho, Belimote, Argiron, Asterote.

Ben. Hold, hold: zounds he'll raise vp a kennell of Dunces
I thinke anon: good my Lord intreate for me: 'sbloud I am
never able to endure these tormentys.

Emp. Then good Dr. Doctor,
Let me intreate you to remoue his hornes,
He has done penance now sufficiently.

Faust. My gracious Lord, not so much for iniury done to
me, as to delight your Maiestie with some mirth: hath Faustus
justly requited this iniurious knight, which being all I de-
sire, I am content to remoue his hornes. Mcphaftophilis,
transforme him; and hereafter sir, looke you speake well of
Schollers.

Ben. Speaks well of yee: 'sbloud and Schollers be such
Cuckold-makers to clap hornes of honest mens heades o'this
order, I'll neare trust smooth faces, and small ruffes more. But

an I be not reueing'd for this, would I might be turn'd to a
gaping Dyster, and drinke nothing but salt water.

Emp. Come Faustus while the Emperour liues,
In recompence of this thy high desert,
Thou shalt command the State of Germany,
And live belou'e of mighty Carolus. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Benvolio, Martino, Frederike, and
Souldiers.

Mar. Nay sweet Benvolio, let vs sway thy thoughts
From this attempt against the Coniurer.

Ben. Away, you loue me not, to vrge me thus,
Shall I let slip so great an injury,
When euery seruile groome ieasts at my wrongs,
And in their rusticke gambals proudly say,
Benvolio's head was grac't with hornes to day?
O may these eye-lids never close againe,
Till with my swerd I haue that Coniurer slaine.
If you will aid me in this enterprize,
Then draw your weapons, and be resolute:
If not, depart: here will Benvolio die,
But Faustus death shall quite my infamie.

Fred. Nay, we will stay with thee, letide what may,
And kill that Doctor if he comes this way.

Ben. Then gentle Frederike bid her to the grove,
And place our servants, and our followers
close in an ambush, here behinde the trees,
By this (I know) the Coniurer is neere,
I saw him kneele, and kisse the Emperours hand,
And take his leau'e, laden with rich rewards.
Then Souldiers boldly fight; if Faustus die,
Take you the wealth, leau'e vs the victorie.

Fred. Come souldiers, follow me unto the grove,
Who kills him shall haue gold, and endlesse loue.

Exit Frederick with the Souldiers.

Ben. My head is lighter then it was by th'horres,

But yet my heart more ponderous then my head,
And pants vntill I see that Coniurer dead.

Mar. Where shall we place our selues Benvolio?

Ben. Here will we stay to bide the first assault,
D were that damned Hell-hound but in place,
Thou sone shouldest see me quit my soule disgrace.

Enter Frederike.

Fred. Close, close, the Coniurer is at hand,
And all alone, comes walking in his gowne;
Be ready then, and strike the Peasant downe.

Ben. Mine be that honour then: now sword strike home,
For hornes he gaue, I'le haue his head anone.

Enter Faustus with the false head.

Mar. See, see, he comes.

Ben. No words: this blow ends all,
Hell take his soule, his body thus must fall.

Faust. Oh..

Fred. Grone you Master Doctor!

Ben. Breake may his heart with grones: deere Frederik see
Thus will I end his grieses immediatly.

Mar. Strike with a willing hand, his head is off.

Ben. The Diuel's dead, the Furies now may laugh.

Fred. Was this that sterne aspect, that awfull strokene,
Made the grim monarch of infernall spirits,
Tremble and quake at his commanding charmes?

Mar. Was this that damned head, whose heart conspir'd
Benvolio's shame before the Emperour.

Ben. I, that's the head, and here the body lies,
Justly rewarded for his villanies.

Fred. Come, let's devise how we may adde more shame
To the blacke scandal of his hated name.

Ben. First, on his head, in quittance of my wrongs,
I'le haile huge forked hornes, and let them hang
Within the window where he yoak'd me first,
That all the world may see my just reuenge.

Mar. What will we put his beard to?

Ben.

Ben. Wll'e I sell it to a Chimney-sweeper; it will weare out
ten birchin broomes I warrant you.

Fred. What shall eyes doe?

Ben. Wll'e I put out his eyes, and they shall serue for but-
tons to his lips, to keep his tongue from catching cold.

Mar. An excellent policie: and now sirs, having diuided
him, what shall the body doe?

Ben. Sounds the Diuels alius agen.

Fred. Give him his head for Gods sake.

Faust. Nay keepe it: Faustus will haue heads and hands,
I call your hearts to recompence this deed,
I knew you not Traytors, I was lymitted
For soure and twenty yeares, to breathe on earth:
And had you cut my body with your swords,
Or howd this flesh and bones as small as sand,
Yet in a minute had my spirit return'd,
And I had breath'd a man made free from harmes.
But wherefore doe I dally my revenge?
Asteroth, Belimoth, Mephophilis, Ent. Meph. &
Go horse these traytors on your fiery backes, Other Diuels.
And mount aloft with them as high as heaven,
Thence pitch them headlong to the lowest hell:
Yet stay, the world shall see their miserie,
And hell shall after plague their treacherie.
Go Belimoth, and take this caitife hence,
And hurle him in some lake of mud and durt:
Take thou this other, dragge him through the woods,
Amongst the pricking thernes, and sharpest briers,
Whilst with my gentle Mephophilis,
This Traytor flies unto some expierocke,
That rowling downe, may breake the villaines bones,
As he intended to dismember me.
Fly hence, dispatch my charge immediatly.

Fred. Pitie vs gentle Faustus, saue our lives,

Faust. Away.

Fred. Vs must needs goe that the Diuell drives.

Exeunt Spirits with the knights.

Enter the ambusht Souldiers.

1 Sold. Come sirs, prepare yowr selues in readinesse,
Make hast to help these noble Gentlemen,
I heard them parly with the Coniurer.

2 Sold. See where he comes, dispatch, and kill the Slave.

Faust. What's here; an ambush to betray my life;
Then Faustus try thy skill: base peasants stand,
For loe these Threes remoue at my command,
And stand as Bulwarkes twixt your selues and me,
To sheld me from your hated treachery;
Yet to encounter this your weake attempt,
Behold an Army comes inconstent.

Faustus strikes the dore, and enter a devill playing on a Drum,
after him another bearing an Ensigne: and divers with
weapons, Mephostophilis with fire-workes; they set vpon
the Souldiers and driue them ousterde.

Enter at severall dores, Benuolio, Fredericke, and Martino,
their heads and faces bloody, and besmear'd with
mud and durt; all having hornes on
their heads.

Mart. What ho, Benuolio.
Benu. Here, what Frederick, ho.
Fred. I help me gentle friend; where is Martino?
Mart. Deere Frederick here,
Halse smother'd in a Lake of mud and durt,
Through which the furies drag'd me by the heelles.

Fred. Martino see,
Benuolio's hornes againe.

Mart. O misery, how now Benuolio?
Benu. Defend me heauen, shall I be haunted still?
Mart. Nay feare not man we haue no power to kill.
Benu. My friends transformed thus; O hellish spite,

Yout

Your heads are all set with hornes.

Fred. You hit it right,

It is your owne you meane feels on your head.

Benu. 'Zons, hornes againe.

Mart. Nay chace not man, we all are spes.

Benu. What devill attends this damn'd Magician,
What spite of spite, our wrongs are doubled?

Fred. What may we do, that we may hide our shames?

Benu. If we should follow him to worke reuenge,
We'd ioyne long Alles eares to these huge hornes,
And make vs laughing stockes to all the world.

Mart. What shall we then do deere Benuolio?

Benu. I haue a Castle ioyning neere these woods,
And thither wee'le repaire and lie obscure,
Till time shall alter this our brutish shapes:
With blacke disgrac hath thus eclipsit our fame.
We'le rather die with griefe, then live with shame.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Faustus, and the Horse-courser, and

Mephostophilis.

Horse. I beseech your worship accept of these forty
Dolloz.

Faust. Friend, thou canst not buy so good a horse, for so
small a price: I haue no great need to sell him, but if thou
likest him for ten Dollos more, take him, because I see thou
hast a good minde to him.

Horse. I beseech you sir accept of this; I am a very poore
man, and haue lost very much of late by horse sickly, and this
bargaine will set me vp againe.

Faust. Well, I will not stand with thee, giue me the mo-
ney: now sirra I must tell you, that you may ride him o're
hedge and ditch, and spare him not; but do you heare: in any
case, ride him not into the water.

Horse. How sir, not into the water? why will he not drinke
of all waters?

The Tragical Historie

Faust. Yes, he will drinke of all wates, but ride him not into the water; o're hedge and ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water: Go bid the Hostler deliver him unto you, and remember what I say.

Horse. I warrant you sir; Doyfull day: Now am I a made man for ever. Exit.

Faust. What art thou Faustus but a man condemn'd to die? Thy fatall time drawes to a small end; Despaire doth drue distrust into my thoughts. Confound these passions with a quiet sleepe: Lush Christ did call the Thee vpon the Crosse, Then rest thee Faustus quiet in conceit.

He fitts to sleepe.

Enter the Horse-courser wet.

Horse. What a cosening Doctor was this? I riding my horse into the water, thinking some hidden mystery had beeene in the horse, I had nothing vnder me but a little straw, and had much ado to escape drowning: Well I le go rouse him, and make him giue me my forty Dollozs againe. Ho sirra Doctor, you cosening scab; Maister Doctor awake, and rise, and giue me my money againe, for your horse is turned to a bottle of Bay, — Maister Doctor. He puls off his leg. Alas I am vndone, what shall I do? I haue puld off his leg.

Faust. O help, help, the villaine hath murder'd me.

Horse. Murder or not murder, now he has but one leg, I le out-run him, and cast this leg into some ditch or other.

Faust. Stop him, stop him, stop him — ha,ha,ha, Faustus hath his leg againe, and the Horse-courser a bundle of hay for his forty Dollozs.

Enter Wagner.

How now Wagner what newes with thee?

Wag. If it please you, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreate your company, and hath sent some of his men to attend you with prouision fit for your tourney.

Faust.

Of Doctor Faustus.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt's an honourable Gentleman, and one to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning: Come away. Exeunt.

Enter Clowne, Dick, Horse-courser, and a Carter.

Carter. Come my Masters, I'll bring you to the best beers in Europe, what ho, Hostis; where be these Whores?

Enter Hostis.

Host. How now, what lacke you? What my old Guest welcome.

Clow. Sirra Dick, doff thou know why I stand so mule?

Dick. No Robin, why is't?

Clow. I am eightene pence on the score, but say nothing; see if she haue forgotten me.

Host. Who's this, that stands so solemnly by himselfe: what my old Guest?

Clo. O Hostisse how do you? I hope my score stands still.

Host. I there's no doubt of that, for me thinkes you make no hast to wipe it out.

Dick. Why Hostesse, I say, fetch vs some Were. (Exit.)

Host. You shall presently: looke vp into th' hall there ho.

Dick. Come sirs, what shall we do now till mine Hostesse comes?

Carter. Harry sir, I'll tell you the brauest tale how a Con-surer seru'd me; you know Doctor Fauster.

Horse. I, a plague take him, heere's some on's hane cause to know him; did he coniure thee too?

Carter. I'll tell you how he seru'd me: As I was going to Wittenberge t'other day, with a loadie of Hay, he met me, and asked me what he should give me for as much Hay as he could eat; now sir, I thinking that a little would serue his turne, bad him take as much as he would for three farthings; so he presently gaue me my mony, and sett to eating; and as I am a cursen man, he never left eating, till he had eate vp all my loadie of hay.

All. O monstrous, eate a whole load of Hay!

Clow:

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Clow. Yes, yes, that may be; for I haue heard of one, that
ha's eate a load of logges.

Horse. Now sirs, you shall heare how villanously he seru'd
mee: I went to him yester day to buy a horse of him, and he
would by no meanes sell him vnder 40 Dolllars; so sir, because
I knew him to be such a horse, as would run ouer hedge and
ditch, and neuer tyre, I gave him his money; so when I had
my horse, Doctor Fauster bad me ride him night and day, and
spare him no time; but, quoth he, in any case ride him not in
to the water. Now sir, I thinking the horse had had some
quality that he would not haue me know of, what did I but
rid him into a great river, and when I came iust in the midst
my horse vanisht away, and I sat straddling vpon a bottell
of Hay.

All. O brave Doctor.

Horse. But you shall heare how brauely I seru'd him for
it; I went me home to his house, and there I found him
asleepe; I kept a hallowing and whooping in his eares, but
all could not wake him: I seeing that, tooke him by the leg,
and neuer rested pulling, till I had pul'd me his leg quite off,
and now 'tis at home in mine Hostry.

Clow. And has the Doctor but one leg then? that's excel-
lent, for one of his devils turn'd me, into the likeness of an
Apes face.

Cart. Some more drinke Hostesse.

Clow. Hearke you, we're into another roome and drinke
awhile, and then we'll go seeke out the Doctor.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Duke of Vanholt; his Dutches,
Faustus, and Mephostophilis.

Duke. Thankes Maister Doctor, for these pleasant sightes,
For know I how sufficiently to recompence your great de-
serts in erecting that enchanted Castle in the Aire: the
Sight whereof so delighted me,
Nothing in the world could please me more.

Faust.

Faust. I do thinke my selfe my good Lord, highly recompenced, in that it pleaseth your grace to thinke but well of that which Faustus hath performed. But gracious Lady, it may be, that you haue taken no pleasure in those sights; therefor I pray you tell me, what is the thing you most desire to haue, be it in the world, it shall be yours: I haue heard that great bellyed women, do long for things, are rare and dainty.

Lady. True Maister Doctor, and since I finde you so kind I will make knowne unto you what my heart desires to haue, and were it now Summer, as it is January, a dead time of the Winter, I would request no better meate, then a dish of ripe grapes.

Fau. This is but a small matter; Go Mephostophilis, away.

Exit Mephosto.

Madam, I will do more then this for your content.

Enter Mepho. agen with the grapes.

Here, now taste yee these, they shold be good
For they come from a farre Country I can tell you.

Duke. This makes me wonder more then all the rest, that at this time of the yeare, when every处 is barren of his fruite, from whence you had these ripe grapes.

Faust. Please it your grace, the ysare is diuided into two circles ouer the whols world, so that when it is Winter with vs, in the contrary circle it is likewise Summer with them, as in India, Saba, and such Countries that lye farre East, where they haue fruit twice a yeare. From whence, by meanes of a swift spirit that I haue, I had these grapes brought as you see.

Lady And trut me, they are the sweetest grapes that v'e I tasted.

The Clowne bounce at the gate, within.

Duke. What vnde disturbers haue we at the gate?

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Go pacifie their fury set it ope,
And then demand of them what they would haue.

They knocke againe, and call out to talke with Faustus.

A Seruant. Why how now Masters, what a coyle is
there?

What is the reason you disturbe the Duke?

Dick. We haue no reason for it, therefore a fig for him.

Ser. Why saucy varlets, dare you be so bold.

Horse. I hope sir, we haue wit enough to be more bold
then welcome.

Ser. It appeares so, pray be bold else where,
And trouble not the Duke.

Duke. What would they haue?

Ser. They all cry out to speake with Doctor Faustus.

Carter. I, and we will speake with him,

Duke. Will you sir? Commit the Rascals.

Dick. Commit with vs, he were as good commit with his
father, as commit with vs.

Faust. I do beseech your grace let them come in,
They are good subiect for a merriment.

Duke. Do as thou wilt Faustus, I give thee leave.

Faust. I thankē your grace:

Enter the Clowne, Dick, Carter, and Horse-courser.

Why, how now my goods friends:

Faith you are too outragious, but come neare,

I haue procur'd your pardons: welcome all.

Clow. Nay sir, we will be wellcome for our money, and
we will pay for what we take: What ho, giue's halfe a do-
zen of Beers here, and be hang'd.

Fanst. Nay, hearke you, can you tell me where you are?

Carter. I marry can I, we are vnder heauen.

Ser. I but sir saunce bor, know you in what place?

Horse.

Horsc. I, I, the house is good enough to drinke in: Zons
fill vs some Beere, or we'll breake all the barrels in the hou se,
and dash out all your braines with your Bottles.

Faust. Be not so furious: come you shall haue Beere.
By Lord, beseech you giue me leaue a while,
I'le gage my credit, 'twill content your grace.

Duke. With all my heart kind Doctor, please thy selfe,
Our seruants, and our Courts at thy command.

Faust. I humbly thankes your grace: then fetch some
Beere.

Horsc. I mary, there spake a Doctor indeed, and saith He
drinke a health to thy wooden leg for that word.

Faust. My wooden leg: what dost thou meane by that?

Cart. Ha, ha, ha, dost heare him Dick, he has forgot his
legge.

Horsc. I, I. he does not stand much vpon that.

Faust. No faith, not much vpon a wooden leg.

Cart. Good Lord, that flesh and bloud shoulde so straile
with your Worshyp: Do not you remeber a Horse-courser
you sold a horse to?

Faust. Yes, I remember I sold one a horse.

Cart. And do you remeber you bid he shoulde not ride
into the water?

Faust. Yes, I do verie well remeber that.

Cart. And do you remeber nothing of your leg?

Faust. No in good sooth.

Cart. Then I pray remeber your curtesie.

Faust. I thank you sir.

Car. Tis not so much worth; I pray you tel me one thing,

Faust. What's that?

Cart. We both your legs bedfellowes every nigh together:

Faust. Wouldest thou make a Colossus of me, that thou as-
kest me such questions?

Carr. No truelie sir, I woulde make nothing of you, but
I woulde faine know that.

Enter Hostesse with driske.

Faust. Then I assure thee certainelie they are.

Carr. I thanke you, I am fully satisfied.

Faust. But wherefore dost thou aske?

Carr. For nothing sir: but me thinkes you shold haue a wooden bedfellow of one of 'em.

Horsc. Why do you heare sir, did not I pull off one of your legs when you were asleepe?

Faust. But I haue it againe now I am awakte: looke you heere sir.

All. O horrible, had the Doctor three legs.

Carr. Do you remember sir, how you cosened me and eat vp my toad of —

Faustus charmes him dumb.

Dick. Do you remember how you made me weare an Apes —

Horsc. You whoreson coniuring scab, do you remember how yo cosened me with a ho —

Clow. Ha' you forgotten me? you thinks to carry it away with your Hcy-passe, and Re-passe: do you rememb're the dogs fa —

Exeunt Clowns.

Host. Who payes for the Ale? heare you Maister Doctor, now you haue sent away my guesse, I pray who shall pay me for my A — ?

Exit Hostess.

Lady. My Lord,
We are much beholding to this learned man.

Duke. So are we Madam, which we will recompence
With all the loue and kindnesse that we may.

His Artfull sport, drives all sad thoughts away.

Exeunt.

Thunder and lightning: Enter devils with couer'd dishes: Mephostophilis leades them into

Faustus Study: Then enter

Wagner.

Wag. I think my Maister means to die shortly, he has made his will, & given me his wealth, his house, his goods, & more of golde n

golden plate; besides two thousand duckets ready coin'd: I
wonder what he meanes, if death were ne, he would not be-
lieve thus: he's now at supper with the schollers, where there's
such belly-cheere, as Wagner in his life ne're sawe the like: and
see whete they come, be like the feast is done.

Exit.

Enter Faustus, Mephostophilis, and two or three
Schollers.

1. Schol. M. Doctor Faustus, since our conference about
faire Ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world, we
haue determin'd with our selues, that Hellen of Greece was
the admirablest Lady that euer liv'd: therefore M. Doctor, if
you will doe vs so much fauour, as to let vs see that peerless
dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for Maiesty, we
should think our selues much beholding vnto you.

Faust. Gentlemen, for y I know your friendship is unsain'd,
It is not Faustus custome to deny
The iust request of those that wish him well:
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
As otherwise for pompe or Maiesty,
Then when sir Paris cross the seas with her,
And brought the spoyle to rich Dardania:
Be silent then, for danger is in words.

Musick sound, Mephosto brings in Hellen, she passeth
over the stage.

2 Was this faire Hellen, whose admired worth
Made Greece with ten yeares warres afflict pwe Troy?

3 Too simple is my wit to tell her worth,
Whom all the world admires for maiesty.

1 Now we haue seene the pride of Natures worke,
We'll take our leavens, and for this blessed sight
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore. Exeunt Schollers.

Faust. Gentlemen farewell: the same wish I to you.

Enter an old Man.

Old Man. O gentle Faustus leue this damned Art,
This Magick, that will charme thy soule to hell,
And quite bereave thes of salvation.
Though thou hast now offended like a man,
Doe not perseuer in it like a Diuell;
Yet, yet, thou hast an amiable soule,
If sin by customs grow not into nature:
Then Faustus, will repentance come too late,
Then thou art banisht from the sight of heauen;
No mortall can expresse the paines of hell.
It may be this my exhortation
Seemes harsh, and all vnpleasant; let it not,
For gentle sonne, I speake it not in wrath,
O envy of thee, but in tender loue,
And pitty of thy future miserie.
And so haue hope, that this my kinde rebuke,
Checking thy body, may amend thy soule.

Faust. Where art thou Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?
Hell claimes his right, & with a roaring voyce, Meph. giues
Saies Faustus come, thine houre is almost come, him a dag-
And Faustus now will come to do thē right. ger.

Old. O stay good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps.
I see an Angell houer o're thy head,
And with a byoll full of pretious graces,
Offers to poure the same into thy soule;
Then call for mercy, and annoyd despairs.

Fa. O friend, I feele thy words to cōfōrt my distressed soule,
Leane me a while, to ponder on my sinnes.

Old. Faustus I leue thee, but with griefe of heart,
Fearing the enemy of thy haplesse soule. Exit.

Faust. Accursed Faustus, wretch what hast thou done?
I do repente, and yet I doe despaire,
Hell striues with grace for conquest in my breast:
What shall I doe to shun the snares of death?

Meph. Thou traytor Faustus, I arrest thy soule,
For disobedience to my soueraigne Lord,

Of Doctor Faustus.

Kenuolt, or I'le in peece-meale feare thy flesh.

Faust. I do repent I ere offendēd him,
Sweet Mephasto: intreat thy Lord
To pardon my vniust presumption,
And with my bloud againe I will confirme
The former vow I made to Lucifer.
Do it then Faustus, with unfained heart,
Lest greater dangers do attend thy drift.
To ment sweet friend, that base and aged man,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torment that our hell affoords.

Meph. His faith is great, I cannot touch his soule:
But what I may afflict his body with,
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faust. One thing good seruant let me crav's of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire,
That I may haue vnto my paramour,
That heauenly Hellen, which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embraces may extinguish cleare,
Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keepe my vow I made to Lucifer.

Meph. This, or what else my Faustus shall desire,
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Enter Hellen againe, passing ouer betweene
two Cupids.

Faust. Was this the face that Launcht a thousand ships,
And burnt the toplesse Towers of Ilium?
Sweet Hellen make me immortall with a kisse:
Her lips sucke sooth my soule, see where it flies.
Come Hellen, come, gine ms my soule againe,
Here will I dwelle, for heauen is in these lippes,
And all is droſſe that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for loue of thee,
In stead of Troy shall Wittenberg be sack't,
And I will combat with weake Menelaus,
And weare thy colours on my plumed crest.

Yea,

Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heele,
And then returne to Hellen for a kisse.
O thou art fairer then the evenings aire,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand starres:
Brighter art thou then flaming Jupiter,
When he appear'd to haplesse Seinle:
More louely then the Monarch of the sky,
In wanton Arethusa's azure armes,
And none but thou shal be my Paramour.

Exeunt.

Thunder. Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephostophilis.

Lucif. Thus from infernall Dis do we ascend
To view the subiects of our Monarchy,
Those soules which sinne, seales the blacke sonnes of hell,
Among which as chiese, Faustus we come to thee,
Bringing with vs lasting damnation,
To wait upon thy soule; the tyme is come
Which makes it forfeit.

Meph. And this gloomy night,
Here in this roome will wretched Faustus be.

Bels. And here wee'll stay,
To marke him how he both demeane himselfe.

Meph. How should he, but in desperate lunacie,
Fond worldling, now his heart bloud dries with griefe;
His conscience kills it, and his labouring braine,
Begets a world of idle fantasies,
To ouer-reach the Diuell; but all in vaine,
His stoe of pleasures must be sauc'd with paine.
He and his servant Wagner are at hand,
Both come from drawing Faustus latest will.
See where they come. Enter Faustus and Wagner.

Faust. Say Wagner, thou hast perus'd my will,
How dost thou like it?

Wag. Sir, so wondrous well,
As in all humble dutie, I do yeeld
My life and lasting service for your loue. Enter the scholers.
Faust.

OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

FAUST. Gramercies Wagner. Welcome gentlemen.

I Now worthy Faustus: me thinks your looks are chang'd.

FAUST. Oh gentlemen.

2. What ailes Faustus?

FAUST. Ah my sweet chamber-fellow, had I liv'd with thee,
Then had I lived still, but now must dye eternally.
Looke sirs, comes he not, comes he not?

1. O my deere Faustus what imports this feare?

2. Is all our pleasure turn'd to melancholy?

3. He is not well with being ouer solitarie.

2. If it be so, woe'l haue Physitians, and Faustus shall bee
cur'd.

3. This but a surset sir, fears nothing.

FAUST. A surset of deadly sin, that hath damn'd both body
and soule.

2. Yet Faustus looke vp to heauen, and remember merrie is
infinite.

FAUST. But Faustus offence can nere be pardoned,

The serpent that tempted Eve may be sau'd,

But not Faustus. O gentlemen heare with patience, and trem-
ble not at my speches, though my heart pant & quiver to re-
member that I haue binne a student here these 30 yeates. O
would I had never seene Wittenberg, never read book, & what
wonders I haue done, all Germany can witnesse: yea all the
world, for which Faustus hath lost both Germany & the world,
yea heauen it selfe: heauen the seate of God, the Throne of
the Blessed, the Kingdome of Joy, and must remaine in hell
for euer. Hell, O hell for euer. Sweet friends, what shall be-
come of Faustus being in hell for euer?

2. Yet Faustus call on God.

FAUST. On God, whom Faustus hath abint'd: on God, whom
Faustus hath blasphem'd: O my God, I would weeps, but the
Diuell drawes in my teares. Gush forth bloud in stead of
feares, yea life and soule: oh hee stayes my tongue: I would
lift vp my hands, but see they holde 'em, they hold 'em.

All. Who Faustus?

FAUST. Why Lucifer and Mephostophilis: O gentlemen,

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I gaue them my soule for my cunning.

All. O God forbid.

Faust. God forbade it indeed, but Faustus hath done it: for the vaine pleasure of foure and twenty yeares hath Faustus lost eternall joy and felicitie. I wrot them a bill with mine owne bloud, the date is expired: this is the time, and he will fetch me.

1. Why did not Faustus tell vs of this before, that Diuities might have prayd for thee?

Faust. Oft haue I thought to haue done so: but the Diable threatned to teare me in peeces if I nam'd God: to fetch me body and soule, if I once gaue eare to Diuinitie: and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen away, least you perish with me.

2. O what may we do to saue Faustus?

Faust. Walk not of me, but saue your selues and depart.

3. God will strengthen me, I will stay with Faustus.

1. Tempt not God sweet friend, but let vs into the next roome, and pray for him.

Faust. I, pray for me, pray for me: and what noyse sooner you heare, comes not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2. Pray thou, and we will pray, that God may haue mercie vpon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen farewell: if I live till morning, I'll visit you: if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell. Exeunt Schollers.

Meph. I Faustus, now thou hast no hope of heauen; Therefore despaire, thinks onely vpon hell; For that must be thy mansion, there to dwelle.

Faust. O thou bewitching fiend, 'twas thy temptations Hath rob'd me of eternall happiness.

Meph. I doe confesse it Faustus, and reioyce; 'twas I, that when thou lost i' the way to heauen, Daimb'd vp thy passage, when thou took'st the booke, To view the scriptures, then I turn'd the leaves And led thine eye.

Now wyl thou? 'tis too late, despaire, farewell;

Faules that will laugh on earth, must wepe in hell. Exit

Enter the good Angell, and the bad Angell at
seuerall doores.

Good. Oh Faustus, if thou hadst given care to me,
Innumerable ioyes had followed thee.

But thou didst loue the world.

Bad. Gave care to me, And did now I flattery
And now must taste hells paines perpetually.

Good. O what will all thy riches, pleasures, pomps,
Auaile thee now?

Bad. Nothing but were thee more, And haue in hell
To want in hell, that had on earth such store.

Musicke while the Throne descends.

Good. O thou hast lost celestiall happiness,
Pleasures unspeakable, blisse without end.
Hadst thou affected sweet diuinitie,
Hell, o; the Diuell, had had no power on thee.
Hadst thou kept on that way, Faustus beheld,
In what resplendant glory then hadst set
In yonder thron, like those bright shining Saints,
And triumpht ouer hell, that hast thou lost,
And now poore soule must thy good Angell leau thee,
The lawes of hell are open to receue thee. Exit.

Hell is discouered.

Bad. Now Faustus let thine eyes with horrour stare
Into that basse perpetuall torture-house,
There are the Furies tossing damned soules,
On burning forkes: their bodies broyle in lead.
There are live quarters broyling on the coles,
That ne're can die: this euer-burning chaire,
Is for ore-tortur'd soules to rest them in.
These, that are fed with soppes of flaming fire,
Were gluttons, and lou'd only delicates,
And laught to see the poore starue at their gates:
But yet all these are nothing, thou shalt see

ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.

Faust. O, I haue seene enough to torture me.

Bad. Nay, thou wilst seele them, taste the smart of all.
He that loues pleasure, must for pleasure fall :
And so I leauē thee Faustus till anon,
Then wilt thou tumble in confusione.

Exit.

The Clock strikes eleuen.

Faust. O Faustus.

Now hast thou but one bare houre to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.
Stand still you ever moving sphēates of heauen,
That time may cease, and midnight never come.
Faire natures eye, rise, rise againe and make
Perpetuall day : or let this houre be but a yeare,
A month, a weeke, a naturall day,
That Faustus may repent, and save his soule.
O lente lente currite noctis equi :
The stars moue still, Time runs, the Clocke will strike.
The devill will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O I'le leape vp to heauen : who pulls me downe ?
One drop of bloud will save me; oh my Christ,
Kend not my heart, for naming of my Christ.
Yet will I call on him : O spake me Lucifer.
Where is it now? 'tis gone.
And see a threatening Arme, an angry Brow.
Mountaines and Hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heauy wrath of heauen.
No: Then will I headlong run into the earth:
Gape earth; O no, it will not harbour me.
You starres that raign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell;
Now draw vp Faustus like a foggy mist,
Into the entrals of yon labouuring cloud,
That when you vomite forth into the aire,
My lambes may issue from your smoky mouthes,
But let my soule mount, and ascend to heauen.

The Watch strikes.

O halfe the houre is past: 'twill all be past anone:
O, if my soule must suffer for my sinne,
Impose some end to my incessant paine:
Let Faustus lie in hell a thousand yeares,
A hundred thousand, and at last be sau'd.
No end is limited to damned soules.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soule?
O why is this immortall that thou hast?
Oh Pythagoras Metempsycosis; were that true,
This soule should flie from me, and I be chang'd
Into some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for when they die,
Their soules are soone dissolu'd in elements,
But mine must lie still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curst be the parents that engendred me;
No Faustus, curse thy selfe, curse Lucifer,
That hath depriu'd thee of the ioies of heauen.

The clocke strikes twelve
It strikes, it strikes; now body turnes to rise,
O Lucifer will beare thee quiche to hell.
O soule be chang'd into small water drops,
and fall into the Ocean ne're be found.

Thunder, and enter the devils.

O mercy heauen, looke not so fierce on me;
Adders and serpents let me breathe a while:
Wigly hell gape not; come not Lucifer,
I'le burne my bookes; oh Mephostophilis.

Excunt.

Enter the Schollers..

1. Come Gentlemen, let vs go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadfull night, was never scene,
Since first the worlds creation did begin.
Such fearefull shrikes, and cries, were never heard,
Pray heauen the Doctor haue escapt the danger.

2. O help vs heauen, see, here are Faustus limbs,
All to me asunder by the hand of death.

V 3.

3 The

3 The devils whom Faustus serv'd haue towe him thus:
For twirt the houres of twelue and one, methought
I heard him shreeke and call aloud for helpe; atrois agm
At which selfe time the house seem'd all on fire, it enflame
With dreadfull horrour of these damned hends.

2 Well Gentlemen, tho Faustus end be such a creature,
As every Christian heart laments to think on: 1792 yd
Yet for he was a Scholler, once admired mni ait p vnt:
For wondrous knowledge in our Germane Schooles, q ex
We'll give his mangled limbs due burpall: 1793 ait
And all the Students clothed in mourning blacke, moin
Shall waite upon his heauy funecall. Exeunt

III. Enter Chorus

Cut is the branch that might haue grovne full straight,
And burned is Apollo's Lawrell bough,
That some time grew within this learned man,
Faustus is gone, regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendfull fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawfull things:
Whose deepnesse doth intice such forrownd wits,
To practise more then humany power permits.

Terminus horae diem, T erminus Author opus.

FINIS.

